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No. 1

“NOTRE PETITE ASTRID”

We arrived in Belgium April 29th for French study. It was two days after the opening of the Exposition. During the weeks and months that followed we read much in the papers about the World's Fair, the inauguration of this or that building, special programs, exhibitions, and so forth. And always there were photographs of the participation of king, queen, or three little princes; for Belgium's royal family took a most active part in all phases of the Exposition.

In Brussels itself there were many public events, dedications and commemorations, and the king and queen were always ready to honor the gathering by their presence. A special session of the Royal Geographical Society of Belgium found us seated a few feet from the royal loge. We rose spontaneously with the rest as the king entered. I admired him, so kingly in all appearances, and I resolved that I must one day see that one of whom he had said as he ascended the throne, “The queen will assist me whole heartedly in the accomplishment of my tasks”. In July it seemed that that privilege was to be mine. However, just a week before the awarding of honors on the occasion of the Fete Nationale, for which ceremony I had an invitation, we went to the Ardennes, following doctor's

advice, to spend a month at one of many mineral springs, in the beautiful green mountains of south-east Belgium.

Returning to Brussels I felt that surely sometime within our remaining two and one half months I would have occasion to see her. In less than two weeks time the unbelievable radio account filled Belgium with knots of people, questioning, anxious, eager to learn that perhaps it was not so. But Queen Astrid was no more. On Thursday, August 29th, she had met sudden death. That same night the body was brought from Switzerland and the next morning placed in one of the rooms on the second floor of the king's palace. Friday afternoon I passed by on the street car. A great crowd was already awaiting the hour when they might walk slowly into the palace and behold for the last time that lovely face.

Early Saturday afternoon I set out to place myself in that interminable line which had been moving slowly forward, except for a few hours in the night, entering by the left gates and doors of the palace and leaving by the right. Waiting for a street car my attention was drawn to a large woman with a shawl over her shoulders, a market bag on her arm; perhaps she was a seller of flowers, or of fish. In her hand, and absorbing all her interest, was the latest edition, illustrated, of a newspaper. We boarded the same street car and stood together, but all the time she was reading intently. At Porte-de-Namur I got off, and she did too. Then I joined the throng who were awaiting their turn to render a last homage. She also joined that same throng. And there were others of her type and class. For six hours we stood, inching forward, and from time to time I would hear such words as these: "Notre petite Astrid (our

little Astrid), why should she be taken from us? She was so good and so young". Just after sun down we entered the palace. The scent of myriads of flowers filled the air as we ascended the great stairway and passed slowly by the still form. I saw "notre petite Astrid". Most of that night and Sunday until late, and again Monday the crowds filed by.

The funeral was Tuesday and I might tell you of that, for I saw the procession leave the palace, saw it again as it arrived at the church at Laeken, and on Wednesday I visited Sainte-Gudule where a funeral service was being held, the elaborate hangings and decorations of the day before still in place. But you have read of that and have seen the many photographs.

The favorite picture in Belgium today is that of the royal family in the park of Stuyvenberg. The beloved queen, as she sits beside her husband who holds on his lap the little Prince Albert of Liege, while the Princess Josephine-Charlotte and the Prince Baudouin sit on the other side of her, shows herself to be such a simple wife and mother that the people think of her as one of their own and choose to speak of her as "notre petite Astrid".

Margaret Hall

TRAVEL NOTES

"Cedar Lodge"

Choueir Conference Center
Mountains of Lebanon, Syria
August 15, 1935.

The S. S. "Vienna," on which we should now be sailing over the Aegean Sea, Italy bound, was suddenly com

mandeered last week by Mussolini for the transporting of more troops to Abyssinia, so here we are 4000 ft. above Beyrout in a delightful Syrian "Northfield" in the Lebanon Mountains, confident that God had prepared a better place for us these days than in Italy with her war lord bent upon a war for the subjection of the last old independent African kingdom.

After the burning heat of Egypt and Palestine we are reveling in this cool bracing mountain air, in the midst of superb Swiss-like scenery and in the congenial fellowship of a goodly number of missionary families here on holiday. If we Congo missionaries had such a cool rest camp to which we might go we could lengthen our terms of service still further. In a week or two student or other Conferences will fill all available accommodations. We arrived just when we could be received. Early in September there is to be a Syrian Oxford Group house party held which we would like to attend. And by the way, may I recommend to all of you interested in the Movement, a little book I have just read entitled "For Groupers Only", by B. C. Plowright? It is a wholesome corrective of certain "Group" emphases.

Our six weeks voyage on the "Tanganjika" did not prove monotonous with the frequent calls at the ports of interest all around Africa, 21 in all between Point Noire and Port Said where we disembarked July 25th in expectation of completing our voyage to Southampton on a sister ship, the "Upena" a month later, embarking at Genoa instead of at Port Said. Now we return via Palestine's coast cities to Port Said, next week, to board the "Upena" there.

Among our excursions ashore, beautiful Capetown

dominated by Table Mountain from whose summit, reached by a wonderful cable car, we had a superb view of the city, harbor and surrounding land and sea; busy Port Elizabeth where we were almost left behind through waiting to pick up my eye glasses for which a new lens had been ground on very short notice; Durban through which flows much of the wealth of the copper and diamond mines; Beira, the Eastern entrance to Rhodesia; Dar es Salam, a doorway to Belgian Congo; sleepy old Mozambique dominated by its old castle-fort, reminiscent of Portugal's glamorous adventures of four centuries and more ago; Mombasa and Aden with its huge systems of cisterns built nobody knows when or by whom (possibly by the Persians) in a dry and desert land where now-a-days it seldom ever rains-- all these ports will remain in our memories as especially interesting ports of call. Port Sudan was a veritable furnace door into the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan from which we were glad to pass on through the Red Sea into the Suez Canal where cooler weather was encountered.

All day we steamed slowly through the Canal past many steamers of many nations, all tied to the bank to allow us to pass. At Port Suez was mail, aeroplane letters from Congo as well as American mail. How we devoured it all.

And what shall I tell you of Egypt which we entered through the irrigated fertile gardens of the "Land of Goshen"! All the delta area is under a high state of cultivation and is very beautiful with its stately date palms heavily loaded with fruit, overshadowing the canals and green fields of maize and grain. Prosperous looking well built towns were frequently passed through

on our way to Cairo. Four never-to-be-forgotten days were spent in Cairo, a splendid city which to a remarkable degree has succeeded in combining the new and modern with the old architecturally, and without destroying the charm of the ancient. All but one of our mornings there were spent in the Museum wherein are simply priceless treasures none lovelier nor more precious than the Tutankhamen collection which is being splendidly displayed in a series of rooms quite by itself. We visited them again and again and marveled at their exquisite loveliness and richness beyond estimation. Moses in his youth may well have been arrayed like the boyish Tut and had a like luxurious and beautiful setting. We read that he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

The Pyramids and the great Sphinx exceed my powers of description. They really must be seen to be appreciated - - seen again, and again, near at hand and at a distance.

Our last morning we drove out to old Memphis, now known as Sakkara, where we saw recumbent colossal statues of old Rameses II. (How are the mighty fallen). Here were a series of great stone coffins of the sacred bulls, and some very fine mural paintings in tombs of princes portraying their prowess in hunting, fishing, war and industry. But chiefly displaying the funeral meats and fruits and other gifts buried with them.

It was much more satisfactory to see these murals in their original setting, undisturbed in the tombs than on Museum walls. The most perfect and best preserved ones are said to be in Sakkara. Many smaller pyramids, also a smaller Sphinx much better preserved, are to be seen

there. That morning we tried camel riding. Sakkara is in the desert. All Egypt is desert save the narrow ribbon of green along the Nile.

Back through lovely Goshen to the age old cavern trail along which came Abraham, Joseph, Jacob and family where the railroad to Jerusalem from Kantara in the Canal Legrus, we travelled, watched a great ship passing through the canal and at 11 P.M. left Egypt in a sleeping car for Palestine. I awoke at 4 P.M. to find we were passing through Gaza. At six we changed cars at Lydda for Jerusalem where we arrived soon after nine. We had our first view of the city, the beautiful tower of the new Y. M. C. A. building towering above its walls, as we rounded a curve while climbing the Judean hills. It seemed more like a dream than reality. We were fortunate indeed in being taken to an old hospiz of venerable foundation, dating back to crusader days, the Johanniter-Order Hospiz where we were guests for our week's sojourn in Jerusalem. It is in part built over the Via Dolorosa where it crosses the street leading to the Damascus gate, only a few minutes walk distant. From this hospiz filled with just the old world atmosphere one needs for an adequate appreciation of the walled city we emerged twice, thrice daily to walk through the narrow streets crowded with fine looking Arabs, Jews, Armenians, Abyssinians, and Shangus from many lands all mixed in between heavily laden camels and donkeys, shops everywhere opening onto the streets. David street, a noisy, narrow crowded market lane runs from the Joppa gate straight through the city. Every sort of food and merchandise is sold in its tiny cubicles. Progress through it is slow and difficult,

We climbed the city walls and walked along their parapets viewing the city and surrounding country from many angles. To me the most satisfying places were Solomon's quarries where without doubt the great stones of the temple were quarried away down under the temple area itself, the Garden Tomb and Gordon's Golgotha just outside the Damascus gate, the Mount of Olives, the road to Bethlehem and the temple area. In all these places I sensed reality, probability? As one beautiful morning we walked along the whole long ridge of the Mount of Olives, recalling to mind walks and talks of Jesus on that selfsame ridge, seeing a city very like the city he had loved and wept over, the Mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea with Jericho just above -- it was an experience never to be forgotten, one to be treasured among the best things in life. Like the disciples on the way to Emmaus He himself drew near and communed with us. Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?

A whole evening we looked at a set of wonderful models of Moses's tabernacle, Solomon's temple, Zerubabel's, Herod's and Hadrien's temples, Justinian's basilica and church and the Mosque of the rock and the temple area as it is today, all of which have had place on this very old and sacred hill top. These models were made by Dr. Schluck, a careful student of the temple area and first historic temples. His 80 year old daughter explained them all to us one after another and prepared our minds for a wonderful morning on the temple area itself, sacred ground indeed. The great rough rock over which all these temples have been built is the most impressive object. Looking at it one's mind goes back to the days when David bought it from Araman the Jebusite as a

suitable site for the tabernacle and temple he could set thereon for the glory of Jehovah. The mosque covering it now is very satisfying in its beauty and the sense of reverence and worship one senses therein. God seemed more truly there than in the so-called Christian churches of Jerusalem with all their faked relics and "very places" where Jesus did this or that, was crucified, buried and rose again. I felt the same compulsion to worship and adore God in the beautiful and stately mosque of the Coronation, not yet a hundred years old, in Cairo.

On the temple area, within the quiet and lovely mosque properly named the Dome of the Rock, I kept having a vision of another still more glorious temple yet to be builded over that rock in which the people of every tribe and tongue may worship the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ in spirit and in truth - - one fold and one Shepherd.

Early another morning we climbed the steep hill back of Nazareth up which Jesus' feet must have often traveled. Such a wonderful place for a growing boy to develop, a miniature whole world spread before him, the home town nestling among the hills at his feet, the vineyards and the terraced hillsides, the great north and south roads over which moved peasant and prince, commerce and the Roman legions - - what dreams, what visions, what ambitions, what resolvings of heart he must have experienced up there above the world of His day.

I think perhaps no Palestinian ground I have trod brought me more vivid impressions of Jesus as He was in the days of His flesh than did the hill above Nazareth. The village well from which He must have often

drawn the family water supply is still the village well and one of the very authentic spots not inclosed by church walls. The church of Nazareth with all its relics of the holy family, neither of us cared to enter. To have been where He was wont to be was far better; to try to think His thoughts, get His perspective, more satisfying.

We shall always treasure our meditations as we sat another night by the Sea of Galilee at Tayba, possibly the site of the old Bethsaida, about 3 kilometers from the excavated synagogue believed with considerable possibility to have been the very one built by Jairus for the Jews of Capernaum. In the first century the town was destroyed by an earthquake and never rebuilt; so when 80 years ago excavation was begun it was virgin soil. Next morning we walked along the shore of the blue lake to see those ruins. They are certainly Roman and have Jewish carvings such as the seven branched candle sticks, etc. This lake like Nazareth's hill top was His. His feet trod its shores, many a time He crossed its blue waters. Here it was easy to follow, to "listen in". And so our days in Palestine have excelled all our expectations and will grow in worthwhileness in retrospect. We are glad for every one of them.

We had our last view of the Sea of Galilee in the deep hollow of the hills, a blue jewel of exquisite beauty, as we climbed the old North road to Damascus. Passports were stamped a bit farther on where the Jordan drains the tiny lake of Merom, the French mandated territory beginning at this natural boundary line.

Within the next two hours we saw Damascus, a beautiful pearl set on an emerald oasis of wonderful fertility, where Naaman's Pharpar and Amana give their

clear sparkling water, so different from that of the muddy Jordan; the desert about Damascus blossoms and bears wonderful fruit. The Amana flows within confined stone banks right through the center of the city. Irrigation canals widen out the green oasis with a perfect setting for the beautiful old city which like Jerusalem and Nazareth should first be seen from a hill top overlooking the city and its environs. All round about the oasis is desert grim and endless.

Catherine Mabie

"I AM HAPPY TO SHARE WITH YOU."

A few years ago we were making an itinerary through the Bayaka country and one evening we asked one of our young teachers to speak at the camp fire meeting. He had had one year of training at the Sona Bata station and had been a village teacher for three years. At the meeting he arose, read a few verses from the New Testament and said: "All of you have known me from my youth; you know that I have not had much training and do not know very much; but such knowledge as I have I am happy to share with you." Then he gave a simple testimony of his faith and what Jesus could do for the Bayaka if they would trust Him. We were looking for some who were willing to share that which they had with others so from that day we watched this boy.

Shortly after that we were designated to the Kikongo station and had the Bayaka in our own care. This young teacher, Thomas Nene, was one of the first that we asked to come in to the station school for

further training. We kept him at Kikongo until he could pass the entrance examinations for our pastors' school at Kimpese and we sent him along for further training. From time to time we had reports from the faculty of Kimpese that Thomas had some aversion to hard work in his gardens, was not always amenable to school discipline, and in general was not making a very famous record as a student. None of this was surprising to us. The Bayaka are firm believers in themselves, their ancient customs, their fetishes and everything pertaining to Bayaka-ism.

But in due time Thomas finished his course, received a diploma and set out for his own country. He lost a dispute with a mission doctor about a series of injections for himself and family that delayed his return a couple of months, but he arrived for the big dry season rallies. We call them thanksgiving meetings. They used to be that, but are not so much so any more. It was interesting to hear the comments of this world traveller and learned man who had arrived back among the home folk after a thrilling absence of three years. We are still convinced that we used good judgment in picking Thomas for training as a pastor for his people. He was with us six weeks in which time we covered that part of the Bayaka field in which we have any work. He took his part in preaching, settling disputes, interviewing chiefs, examining candidates for baptism, placing teachers, arranging marriages, teaching our carriers to sing, at which he is more willing than able, and in general acting as a Congo pastor.

In all these different tasks we found him very helpful; but it was in his preaching that we took the great-

est delight. Being a Muyaka himself he knows just the things to say that reaches the mark. His descriptions of some of his fellow men doing things that they know to be wrong were well worth while. He acted out his story as he went along, so one is forced to believe that he has either been there himself or been close enough to see it with his own eyes. The backsliding teacher drinking palm wine, the baptized woman taking her baby to the witchdoctor, the old chief inhaling snuff as he arranges for his young boys to go through the heathen rites which will make them men, the young men and women engaged in an immoral dance, all these and more were told with telling effect. As he preached there were ejaculations of encouragement and much sucking of teeth in protest.

But after holding their faults, mistakes, and sins up to ridicule he would get down to the real job and try to make them see what they could be. Thomas may have hardened his head against most of the French, teaching methods, metric system and other subjects offered him at Kimpese, but he has learned a lot about how to present the claims of Christ to a people that greatly need Christ. He has learned that one can not shame nor scold folk into the Kingdom, but that they will respond to the Christ of love.

Thomas has more to share now than he had as a boy teacher several years ago. He still is happy to share his knowledge of Christ. I judge from a letter that I have just received from him that he supposes that we also are glad to share. He is in charge of a school that receives boys from three Bayaka churches, and he does pastoral work in his own church as well. In the letter

he asked for:

3 months pay (he had two and a half months due him).

A saw, plane, hammer, and some nails to make doors and windows for his own house and a new school building.

A piece of iron that could be used by the local blacksmith to make up into native axes.

A can of gun powder to shoot the wild pigs that are destroying the gardens and fields (he made this optional with us).

Some note books and pencils to be used in his pastoral work.

Copies of a native paper (helps for teachers and pastors) that he subscribed for while he was at Kimpese.

A sack of coarse salt (18 kilograms) to be used to buy food for the boys from distant villages.

I was quite annoyed when I first read the letter but after thinking it over a while, I sent him as many of the things as were available. We would not want him to think he is associated with a group of folk who do not enjoy sharing what they have.

B. W. Armstrong.

THEY'RE BORN THAT WAY!

My adopted mother has been so very busy lately that she hasn't had a single minute in which to tell you the most important thing that has happened since I came to live with her.

I am Nzobo, you know, the little girl whom the missionary lady has been telling you about for ever so long. I have't any daddy or mother of my own, just my miss-

ionary lady mother and of course she is white and not black like me.

Now I must tell you myself about this amazing happening. Right down in my heart I've been wondering about these funny people with the white skins. Our elders tell us all sorts of stories about them and some say that they are so white because they are the returned spirits of our ancestors. But do you know, they actually are born that way! I know they are because my missionary lady has a brand new baby and IT is white, too! Honestly it is!

He has all sorts of names. There are his funny foreign names of Robert, Eugene and Smith, and there is his Congo name of Mudikisi which is the best of all. That was the name of the great Bambala chief who died just recently.

You just should have been here to see the excitement when our baby was born. Nobody here had ever seen a baby that color. Of course our own little babies are pink, too, when they are born but they turn black almost immediately. But this baby, instead of turning black, got whiter and whiter until now we know it won't ever turn black. I was the very first person to see it when the medicine house Mama brought it out on the veranda. I really was a bit scared to look at it and I ran away as soon as I had had a tiny little peek.

The first morning I stood out in the path and watched the village women as they came up from the spring with their gourds full of water. Gurgle-gurgle-splash went the water until the great big tub was full. When a little baby is born in our country we always take water to its house like that.

Now I know you'll never be able to believe me when I tell you about all the clothes our baby has. Just imagine it, he has shoes for his feet and shoes for his hands! If you don't believe it you can just come and see. His mother calls the feet-shoes "bootees" and the hand-shoes "mittens", but they're shoes just the same, I know. His mother says he has to wear the feet-shoes so he won't get a pain in his tummy. Wouldn't that make you laugh, though? Why the feet aren't anywhere near the tummy! And then she makes him wear the hand-shoes so that he will stop sucking his thumb. These white people have the queerest notions. Why, everybody knows that babies have to suck their thumbs. But that isn't all the clothes our baby has. Do you know, he must have at least SIX shirts because his mother is always putting clean ones on him. And I couldn't begin to count the panties he has. Why there must be at least fifty . . . or maybe it is a million. I really couldn't count them all. Just think, one baby for all those panties! I never in my whole life had even one pair and I'm nine years old now. At least the white Mama says I must be that old.

Bamisa and I come each morning to watch the baby have his bath. You never in your life saw anything so funny. Instead of holding the baby up by one arm and pouring cold water over it like our people do, this white Mama washes her baby in a great white bowl with warm water. The baby loves it and doesn't yell and scream like our babies do. Do you suppose that babies might like to lie in warm water better than be dangled by one arm and drenched with cold water? I wonder how it would feel to have a bath with warm water like

that. The white Mama washes the baby with soap, too, and dries it with a towel. Our babies never get dried. They just have to shiver off all the drops of water if the sun doesn't come out and dry them. But then, our people don't have any towels. When the white Mama gets thru drying the baby, she sprinkles him with something very soft and white. Bamisa and I had a big argument over it the first day. I said it was "fuba" (flour) but Bamisa insisted that it was "putulu" (powder). Then the white Mama sprinkled some on us, and oh, what a heavenly smell! Anything as sweet as that couldn't be plain flour. So Bamisa won. Of course he is a little older than I am and naturally, boys have much greater wisdom than girls. The white Mama laughed at us because we didn't want to rub the powder. It was so nice to have it bunched up there near our chins where we could smell it.

Now you ARE going to think I am fibbing, but honestly, I'm not. Really and truly, our little baby sleeps in a bed all by himself. I was just terribly frightened at first when the white Mama put him into a bed all by himself and then left him there. Our black babies don't have any beds at all. They just lie on the mats with their mamas and sometimes when the mamas fall asleep the little babies roll into the fire on the hut floor and get burned. But our people aren't rich like the white people. Just think, when the white Mama puts our baby to bed at night she puts a shirt on him, and his panties, and a nightie, and TWO blankets. Imagine it, TWO blankets besides clothes! Our little babies don't have any clothes or any blankets either, not even one. So of course they have to sleep with their mamas to keep

warm at night. It's just terribly cold at night in our country even if it is boiling hot all day.

I have been telling you about so many wonderful things that our white baby has that I'm afraid to tell you about this last one because I just don't see how you could believe it without seeing it yourself. Our baby has a carriage. At least that is what the white Mama calls it but Bamisa and I call it a "push-push" because that is what we do to make it go. It has four funny round things on it which the white Mama calls wheels. They are what make it move when we push it. Every afternoon the baby is put into this push-push and Bamisa and I take turns pushing it up and down. We have some awful scraps, too. Bamisa says that it is "nsoni" (shame) for a little girl to wheel a boy baby and he tries to wheel it all the time himself. But the white Mama comes out and makes us stop fighting and says we have to take turns. Then I get a chance to push and when I push I always sing to the baby. Here is one of the songs I sing:

"E Mudikisi, Mfumu a Bambala
E Mudikisi, Mfumu a Bambala
Wuginzhigidi guyala mbu diayi
Wuginzhigidi guyala mbu diayi."

(Mudikisi, Chief of the Bambala people
You have come back to rule your village.)

Because, you know, even if the white people are born that way, it doesn't necessarily mean that our elders are wrong, and perhaps Chief Mudikisi has come back to live in our little white brother. What do you think?

LEOPOLDVILLE TO NTONDO BY AIR

Would that it were possible for me to convey to you the ecstasy of boyish delight which was mine upon the occasion of my first flight, and that here in Congo over terrain of torrid plain, swamp, and river over which I had so laboriously traveled on many occasions, and now to be shot across it at such terrific speed. It was pleasurable to the last degree. The reason for the flight was Dr. Lerrigo's visit to Congo with insufficient time to visit all the stations except by plane. The transport company granted nominal fees of steamboat fares, making possible my return to the station with Dr. Lerrigo and Mr. MacDiarmid. We thus saved a week's time and our food bill of the river boat, which would have been \$12.00 each. Since the death of the governor general of French Congo near Tshumbiri, there has been less demand for space on the planes, hence easier for us to obtain the reduced fares. This company however has no passenger casualties in its fifteen years of service.

We were still waving good-bye to our friends in the field, not quite conscious that we were floating in mid air when a bank of white cloud blotted out all below. It reminded Dr. Lerrigo of Arctic ice covered with snow. Stanley Pool lay like a map before us between the breaks in the clouds. The S. S. Duc de Brabant was pumping along like a toy boat on its way to Leopoldville. We almost immediately left the river and cut directly for Bandundu. This was the only bit of country of the entire journey with which I was unfamiliar. Yes, that's Tua, and from here I know my

way; for our Tshumbiri field extended down to Tua, thus connecting us with Sona Bata. How small the long hot plains looked, how low the hills; how often I had suffered thirst, with empty canteen while tramping this area. Yes, that's the Kasai to the left! and Wiesmann Pool! and the Kwango ahead! as I jumped from one side of the plane to the other in excitement. My traveling companions rather laughed at me. How easy to pick out the deep water in the rivers from this height. We had struggled for hours in these strong currents about uncharted sand banks with our little Henry Reed when we opened Vanga. Now it is all over in a few minutes and we land at Bandundu.

Our plane is refueled, mail unloaded, one passenger left behind, all in twenty minutes. In no time we were over the Kasai River, that ribbon of water and sand, and then into the Basakata country among whom I had tramped twenty five years before. Immediately we come to the slowly moving Mfini River, along which we had steamed in the Henry Reed or paddled in boat or canoe on numerous occasions. This is the eastern end of the Tshumbiri field among the Baboma and Bawadia tribes; few people, many swamps. How pleasurable to look down into these swamps in which one has waded to hips and even to shoulders realizing that one is passing so quickly without even ones toes getting wet. I could vividly recall that exceedingly hard day's tramp over the elephant infested country from Ganda to Kutu. One of the hardest day's tramp I ever had, from before dawn until after dark. Now the deep holes, imprints of the elephant's feet, the fallen trees of his destructive path mean nothing. A few miles glide brought us across

Lac Leopold II to Inongo, which I had not seen for twenty years. Our engines did not stop for we alighted for only ten minutes to discharge mail and one passenger. Up again, how placid our good old friend, or will I say enemy, Lake Leopold II looked. Once we thought we were goners, as the waves broke over the bow and flooded the cabin of the Henry Reed, while most of the crew threw themselves on the deck shutting their eyes and crying in fear; now who would have thought that possible. From Inongo to the north end of the lake required only ten minutes, while the Henry Reed fought its way for five hours over this same course. Now comes the Bolia of the Tondo field, the villages looking like toy cardboard affairs, Bradley stores and houses. Mr. MacDiarmid nudged me, we were in sight of our own Lake Tumba. Just like George Grenfell's map, with its deep bays and forest covered shores. We could not see Tondo as we were too far to the east and it is well covered with trees and palms. We had asked the pilot to fly directly over the station but he could not as it is off his course. In this section the villages every-where lay before us, being the only well populated area we had crossed. I reminded Dr. Lerrigo that it was roughly along today's course that we had had in mind the uniting of the three fields of Sona Bata, Tshumbiri, and Tondo; which had led to the several trips to Lake Leopold II and the Lukenie River back in 1910-1912. "Yes," he said, "I see why it was not accomplished; there are too few people."

Leaving the Tondo field, we were again over the swampy forests, but with glimpses here and there of the road connecting Lake Tumba with Coquilhatville. Dr. Westcott and the Bolenge friends were at the field

to meet us. Seldom has it been my joy to spend such an interesting few hours. We had traveled a circuitous route from Leopoldville to Coquilhatville in four hours; our first missionaries required over four weeks by direct route by row boat back in 1883, at the time Bolenge was opened as a station of our society. Today it requires five days and most of the nights, steaming up the Congo over the same course. Has Congo made equal progress in things of the kingdom, in things of Christ?

Paul C. Metzger

MUSEKELE'S UNCLE

Musekele is one of our dispensary helpers but before coming to work at the dispensary he was a village teacher-evangelist. This morning he shared the experience of a recent visit to his village in these words:

"You will remember that I went to my village a few months ago when my mother was ill and that in spite of our prayers she was called home to be with God. God knoweth all things and He knew that it was time for her to come home. Instead of allowing the people to wail and consult the witch doctor, I led them in prayer and taught them the way to have a Christian funeral. It was hard for there were very few Christians in the village and the people wanted to "ta ngombo" (search out the witch who had caused her death). Among those most opposed to the Christian funeral was my uncle. He sat there and reviled my God and kept saying, 'Oh you, where is your God? You prayed and prayed to Him but your mother died just the same. What kind of a God is he? And

why do you bother to pray to him now? You would try and weave a spell on us, would you! I believe you yourself are guilty of her death and we should "tangombo" to see if it is not you who is the witch.'

"But I kept on praying and teaching the people the path of God. Then while my uncle was sitting there at the edge of the crowd, he suddenly felt his "nkisi" (fetish) start "fighting" in his pocket. He became quite frightened lest the people should see it moving there under his hand so he pressed it tightly against his heart so that the people would not laugh at him. And as he held it there it broke into many pieces. His fear knew no bounds and he dashed off to his hut to look at it. Sure enough, there it was, burst into fragments. What could it mean! Wildly he grabbed the fetishes that were in the corners of his hut, and those up over the doorway, and those in the little fetish house next to his hut, and dashed them into the rubbish heap. Fear took entire possession of him and he did not know where to turn. But he refused to turn to God.

"And that is where my uncle is today. He has given up his fetishes but there is nothing but fear in his heart just the same. He is even afraid to come to God. You see, he has come part of the way, for he has thrown away his fetishes. Not a single one can you find in any corner of his house. Won't you pray with me that he may soon come the whole way and not be left sitting there in his empty hut without God? "

Viola L. Smith

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES

Mr. Frederickson writes Dec. 1891:

Letters have been sent to our Board in Boston and to the mother and brother of Rev. E. Broholm, of his illness and death. He was such a likable man and respected of all who met him. His mother had dedicated him when he was a babe to go as a missionary to Africa. So his goal was set: he prepared himself conscientiously for his high calling. At Boston before the Board, after examination by the doctors, he was informed of the dangers of the climate in Congo, when any weakness in health was found. But our brother was fully decided that he must go, and that if he only could live and serve there three years, his joy would be full, so his desire was granted. And now that he has gone, who will take his place?

Being alone with a few boys, all my time is used in preaching the gospel in the villages and to teach the boys in school. The meetings are well attended and people are listening to the word of God. With a few carriers, I took a trip to the north bank of the Congo to visit some villages. Passing along the road, we came to a steep descent. In the valley in front of us was a little village. As soon as the people saw us,—believing me to be Bula Matadi (State officer)—they ran away, taking with them as much of their belongings as they were able to. Pigs, goats and chickens were screaming and fleeing. We hurried up to reach the village before all had left, but arriving there, not a person could be seen. Inside a house, a mat had come too near a fire and was burning; we extinguished the fire. We knew that the

people were hiding in the grass not far off, and, as it was noon, my boy fetched some water to make tea, and I had my lunch. We shouted to the people to come out of the grass, that the white man was not Bulu Matadi, but the missionary. After a while the men came creeping out with their guns and then I had twelve men, and some boys sitting around me and soon we were the best of friends. They gave me a chicken and I gave them a spear-pointed knife. While they would listen quietly to the gospel, they did not soon get used to our praying. Many listeners would sneak away as soon as I began to pray. No doubt audible prayer to them was like the talk with the evil-spirit by the witchdoctors.

I visited Kindoki village again and stayed five days in a house with two rooms, — the husband and wife occupying one. These two good people had a quarrel while I was in their town. The man complained that his wife did not give him enough food, and this, — I thought — was a proof that she did not care for him. Her defense was "I bore you three fine boys, did I bear you girls?" Boys are considered greater probably because of their manly responsibilities in their lives.

There were several beautiful palm trees surrounding the village, and in one of them the birds had built a number of nests. One morning we saw a large snake, eight feet long, going up into the palm tree. He put his head into the nests, one by one, and swallowed the young birds as he went along. The owner of the tree took his rattan-strap and a long stick and climbed up. When he tried to strike the snake, it hid behind the tree and when the snake tried to strike at the man, he did the same. They played hide and seek for some

time, at last the man hit the snake and it fell to the ground.

Returning to Kindzila Station, a young man by the name of Mayala came to me for work, he could cook nicely, so I hired him and he did fine work. One morning he failed to come, and on looking around, I found that he had taken two of my blankets, and had left for his village. A young boy, Muntete, took his place. One morning he came into my room, saying: "White man, I want to tell you something, but no one must hear", and looking around, he closed the door and said: "Listen, mundele, to-day, Chief Kiyedi wanted to put poison in the palm-wine which we use to raise bread, but the other people objected to it; do not buy palmwine from them; we boys will buy for you, or you will be poisoned."

Christmas was, of course, a lonely and quiet event, Mr. Broholm gone from us and my wife and child still in the homeland; but the story of the birth of Jesus Christ, in all its glory and wonder, with goodwill among those who came to us—an extra meal and a few presents to cheer them—was one way to celebrate.

A couple of the school boys can read fairly well, then I have three boys—Nsitakodila, Kindele and Nlanda—whom I ransomed at Mukimbungu; they are a great help to me. The first church in the Nkisi district is small, but it stands for all that the New Testament teaches, and the foundation laid is Jesus Christ. The people do not like to be told that all have sinned, nor do they like any mention of death; that they fear. In Africa sin is only when found out. We need to pray much!

On my visit to Kinsala one day, I found in walking

through the village, a grave, decorated on top with bottles and clay pots. I went near and noticed bloodmarks on a piece of wood which was laid there to keep the soil up. Over the center of the grave, some blood showed, and the ground was wet from it. My boys told me, little by little, that the man buried there had been slain by an insane man who escaped, and so they took his innocent mother. They first made a low fire and burned her under her throat, then they cut her throat and poured her blood over the grave to atone for the murder.

(To be continued.)

M. M. Frederickson

VANGA TO MOANZA

The thing I used to like the least about being in the city at home, was not being able to look out on the hills and the fields. Buildings on every side crammed into one's line of vision, until one felt nearsighted from seeing nothing else. This is not true of Moanza! From the early morning when we have our devotions on the veranda, where there is a view that could inspire anyone to praise, to the quiet evening hour when we watch the gorgeous sunset, one can lift one's eyes to beauty, and rest one's thought by beholding the far-away hills.

I came to Moanza the latter part of October. We drove swiftly away from Vanga in the rain, but even so carried with us vivid pictures. The last of these was on saying "goodbye" to Bobby, who ran alongside the truck till we stopped to open the gate of the enclosure which surrounds the mission property. There he came up wriggling all over with joy, his tail wagging incessantly. said good-

bye, and then had to be caught and sent back.

The roads were heavy because of recent rains, but I enjoyed the whole trip for I had gone that way before and wanted to see it all again. Arriving at Kitona everything was unpacked and the truck driven into the hangar, where it was divested of its tool-chest and anything that might prove a temptation to prowlers, as it was to be left there since the roads were too heavy to take it all the way to Moanza. A storm was approaching in the late afternoon, and I was cautioned not to go down to the falls, but it was the only time I would have, and I wanted to see them again. It is quite a little walk, but I spent a good fifteen minutes in reverent awe, drinking in their beauty, and the rain came no nearer. Going over the hills by kipoyo the next morning was hard, but great fun. When we came to places where the orchids grew thick, I would give my carriers a chance to rest. Soon my kipoyo was so full it could hardly hold both the flowers and me.

There is scarcely a grander sight anywhere than that which greets one upon coming around a hill and seeing Moanza on its little plateau nestling among the hills. And such a reception as I got! Welcome expressed in every beaming face as clearly as in the hearty "moyo" of the school children who lined the path on both sides. Welcome in the eyes and on the lips of the missionaries and on the sign in front of "our" house.

I found Mama Moon, who had been very ill, getting better. She was soon on her feet again. Although they were a bit wobbly at first, they did not remain so for long. Tata Moon who was out holding an institute returned in a few days. The time I had with them seem

ed all too short; they soon were on their way to Lower Congo.

The station and all the surrounding country are in the grip of a famine. School has been greatly broken up because it has been necessary to send out a teacher with groups of boys to buy food. Less and less could be had. When money and salt failed, beads, empty tin cans, bottles and pieces of bright cloth worked for awhile; but soon so little could be obtained that it was necessary to close the school. Many of the children were ill from hunger. Hasty preparations were made to give the children a real feast before going home. The girls scattered over the hills and into the forest to hunt for mushrooms and greens; the boys brought wood and a lovely tree to decorate, as this was to be their Christmas celebration. Our stores were explored; split peas, tomato sauce and flour were found. The split peas were soaked and cooked; the flour was made into bread which had a deep mustard color due to the palm oil used for shortening. A goat and a pig were prepared with palm oil, tomato sauce and peppers; some rice was cooked; "buka" was made; and last, but not least, fudge was cooked. When all was ready and the childrens' plates filled, a feast was enjoyed in a way that few kings enjoy their feasts. Some boys who had gone to their houses to put on their Sunday best came after the blessing had been asked. They sought permission to sing while the others were being served, and when all had their plates they returned thanks, praising God for all His blessing and goodness to them. It was indeed a lesson for us who have never known hunger! Later they all came back to the chapel where the tree fresh

from the forest had been set up and decorated. Its red blossoms looked like holly and its sweet fragrance filled the room!

Not many have been coming to the dispensary and hospital. The medical work has suffered much in just these few months without a medical worker. I have started a Baby Clinic and a good many mothers have come. They seem very much interested. How they need help—these fine, progressive, hardy people. If we neglect them what shall we answer the Great Physician when He asks about those who were sick, and were not visited? I believe many more will come for medical care when the famine lets up. It has been hard to get enough food for those who have come, but I was able to buy a little rice, and more is ordered. Many wait in the villages until there is hardly any hope; then they come in. A bad burn case came the other day. He was nearly starved and his wounds in an awful condition, after having been kept in his village over a week by an ex-teacher who had tried to treat him. Another, a pneumonia case, was unable to come in until it was too late because nobody would carry him in. I am going out for a few days' itineration and I hope I shall be able to interest some into coming to the hospital when they are in need of medical care.

We are far away, hidden among the hills, but I hope we are remembered by those who have praying hearts.

Alice Jorgenson.

The more deeply we feel our deficiency the more sincerely we shall desire and obtain the efficiency of Grace.

Andrew Murray

TONDO NEWS ITEMS

One of the most important bits of news is the addition to our staff in the arrival of Donald Gowan Brown. It will take time for him to become acclimated and accustomed to new faces. His brother John will help him along.

Mr. Metzger has eighty-three boys in the boarding school. If funds permitted many more could have entered, and our hearts would not have been saddened in having to say, "No, No, no room, no money; we cannot take more". We have a splendid group, more than half are in the church and the others are inquirers. Each lad pays ten francs upon entering school. This amount is to pay for his books and note books during the year. We are finding less palaver this way.

Our nurse Miss Ehnbohm is enjoying her work at the hospital. The Baby Clinic is increasing in numbers, about one hundred at present. In this the desires of Mrs. Westcott are being carried out. She was not able to do what she wanted to do because of poor health and lack of strength. Too, we are astonished at the increase in sleeping sickness patients. We now have about one hundred and eighty. It will soon be necessary to give injections two days a week instead of one.

During the first week of November Mr. Metzger had a week of special messages with stereoptican pictures, which are always well attended, and the spirit of Christ seemed so near. One afternoon a storm threatened, and the children going along the path were heard to say, "Oh! teacher, pray that the rain will not prevent your having the pictures tonight." A light rain came on,

but they kept crying out, "Pray teacher, pray." The rain stopped quite suddenly, and they said, "The teacher prayed." We had been hoping and praying that nothing would disturb the meetings that week, though we knew nothing about the children until after the service that night.

Kathryn A. Metzger

KIKONGO NEWS

The famine, even though we know it is not confined to our own field, continues to worry us as it jumps out on us at every hand each day. The irregularity of the rains last year resulted in a failure of the manioc crop and as the Congolese has only one crop of this type its failure means starvation for some and semi-starvation for others. We were forced to dismiss the boarding school on the second of December because we no longer had food enough to feed the children. They were wonderfully "good sports" throughout the weeks when they were going along on half, quarter, or even fifth rations. They were willing to stay on but we could not bear to keep them, knowing that they were always hungry. If the new crop of manioc is ready when expected we hope to reopen school the fourth of January.

The native pastor came home from an itinerary saying that it was like going into a tomb to enter a village these days. The people sit around lifeless without enough "pep" to even greet him, and, saddest of all, the roundness has disappeared from the little children's "tummies".

Mr. Armstrong, itinerating in the Kinkosi and

Bumba church fields, writes that it is only with very great difficulty that he is able to purchase even a little food for the carriers. How sorely these people need someone to teach them how to plant more than one crop of this type, and how to store food against a time of shortage!

Mrs. Armstrong is having busy days with the Daily Vacation Bible Schools being held on the station and in the surrounding villages during the prolonged Christmas holiday. The children are enjoying the school immensely. Their hand work includes the manufacture of "slates" from a soft-wood tree which the tropical forest generously supplies. Their "slate-pencils" are of charcoal and their "erasers" of a sand-paper type of leaf. The children have also built rude benches and a table for their chapel-school. Their missionary interest is being stimulated as they hear about children of other lands and especially as they make their dolls. This year the American Indian was chosen as the type for the dolls. His head made from a gourd, his hair of grass tassels, his fringed trousers of banana leaf, make an ensemble of which a real Indian might well be jealous! To say nothing of his necklaces made from berries! and his bonnet of grass flowers!

"Mama" Anderson is the proud "mother" of 35 babies all born this year! If you should be tempted to take exception to that statement you would be quickly jumped upon by 34 Kikongo women who have come to the house of "Joy and Blessing" (the name they have given to our little thatch maternity home donated by Mrs. Lemon of San Diego) to have their babies. Two darling twins are among the most recent arrivals,

and the fact that they were very large and caused a lot of trouble at the time they were born, only serves to make Miss Anderson's record the more brilliant. Not a single baby lost!

Mr. Smith continues to carry on the never-ending job of building... building... building. A new village of grass huts for the sleeping sickness patients, an entire new village of mud and thatch huts, a dispensary, and a community kitchen for the lepers, and the near completion of a new quadrangle for the girls' boarding school, are among the buildings put up since Conference. Miss Anderson's sun-dried pisay brick house is now under construction and we are all eagerly looking forward to the completion of the first brick building at Kikongo.

Our nursery school is a joy to our hearts. It numbers 67 tiny tots and even though our equipment is crude and home-made, we manage to have a very good time. We have a slide, some teeter-totters, swings, jumper-swings for the tiny babies, and a sand box. Among our projects we have planted a grapefruit tree and we care for it each day. A tooth-brush drill is a part of each day's program and our health chart already boasts a fair proportion of "merit" stickers. The members of this nursery school are the children of our married students and the kiddies come to nursery school while their parents are in boarding school.

The mothercraft classes have boomed with Robert Eugene as a shining example of what good mothering will do for a baby. To be sure, Robert Eugene has about forty-five mothers to do all this "good mothering," which is a little larger average than the rest of the babies have. His every waking act is carefully noted by

them and our hearts rejoice as we see some of these mothers, so recently snatched from the very darkest of heathenism, courageously trying to put some of the new methods into practice.

Viola L. Smith

LEOPOLDVILLE NOTES

Miss Etelka Schaffer left us the first week in October. She had made a courageous fight to regain her health here in Congo, but it was fortunate that she went home when she did for she reports the surgeon at Clifton Springs Sanatorium as saying, after he had performed the necessary operation, that it was a miracle she reached home. We are glad to hear that Miss Schaffer was convalescing nicely and we hope that she may be completely restored to normal health.

Mrs. Watkins arrived at Matadi on the steamer that took Miss Schaffer away from Congo. Our genial Treasurer's bachelor days were at an end, soon the center house took on a homey appearance that masculine fingers fail to produce. In the domain of the home, school, church, and the treasurer's office Mrs. Watkins finds many opportunities of service.

It was with genuine rejoicing that we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Hall the end of November. They come to us invigorated by their furlough, and with an insight into the type of training needed, gained by observation, study, and by the experiences of a fruitful term of service at Vanga.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall have already organized special classes in singing, something that was very much needed. Why was this necessary? Hadn't these people the

example of Pa Mac during the past few years? Yes, that was the trouble, they had.

Mr. Hall began almost immediately manual training and agriculture as a part of the regular school program. With great avidity the boys take to hammer, plane and saw, but some still abhor the sight of the hoe. However, Mr. Hall insists that each boy shall have his garden plot and he shows an example by having his own plot along with them. The aim of the training is not simply to benefit the white people of this city but to help each boy to make some contribution to the uplift of his own people by bettering the living conditions of his own community. This type of training has been one of the chief lacks in Protestant education in Congo so we are very happy that Mr. Hall is trying to give it sufficient emphasis.

The Christmas season is never quite complete without its pageant. This year we had three; the Christmas story given by the Bangalas, and "The other wise man" rendered on two occasions by the Bakongos. Probably more use should be made of pageantry at most of our stations. Many of the spiritual truths underneath the Bible stories are brought home more forcefully in this way than when they come only through the avenue of hearing.

P. A. MacDiarmid

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM MOANZA

MEDICAL:

It is through the generosity of the Vanga Staff that Lubeme, who for years has rendered faithful service at

Vanga, has come to help us in a dire situation. He has won the confidence of the wary Basukus in an unusually short time, and has not only ministered to their physical needs but has born a splendid testimony to the One Who has made him what he is. We are grateful to our Vanga friends.

Again in September our big-brother station helped us out by suggesting to the Conference that Miss Jorgenson of the Vanga Medical Staff be permitted to help out at Moanza. We heartily welcome Miss Jorgenson. We appreciate her coming and feel confident that she is worthy to follow in the long line of Moanza medical workers from Miss Anderson down to Dr. Witt.

BOARDING SCHOOL:

We had planned an unusual school year. Hundreds of candidates were examined by Miss Dickey for entrance to the boarding school. A large number of these were accepted and enjoyed life on the station until Mother Nature played us a mean trick. Perhaps we ought not to blame it on her for it may have been due to the clouds of hungry locusts who frequently came and darkened the sky, or it might have been due to the unusual rains which we had during the entire dry season this year. We cannot know with any degree of certainty the cause for our famine, but for months our children have suffered severely, along with almost our entire field. The crops simply did not produce. As a result our school program was disrupted, half of the children had to be dismissed and the half which remained often really suffered from hunger. With the coming of rice, peanuts, and corn we hope to make another try with the beginning

of the New Year.

While home on furlough we often spoke with enthusiasm of Samueli Mfuta as one of the finest of young natives whom we have ever met. He has not changed as he comes to us after three years at Kimpese where he has taken the Moniteurs' Course. We all regretted the unfortunate delay of over three weeks when he had to wait for carriers who were sent from Moanza. They had been sent in good time to meet him at the appointed place, but when they got within a comparatively short distance of the village they turned back for fear of entering strange territory. You can imagine our disappointment when they returned without him, and we may not have sent them back as lovingly and gently as you might have done, but they went, and returned after eighteen days with Samueli, his wife and three children.

On November 15th Mama and Tata Moon and their faithful helper Jesse left Moanza to relieve the situation at Banza Manteke. They left many friends behind them among the Basukus and other tribes who deeply appreciate the help which they have been to them.

EVANGELISTIC:

The keen interest, at times hilarious, which has been manifest throughout our entire Moanza Field, but particularly to the extreme north and south, is still evident. It has at times alarmed us, frequently made us wonder and has daily made us pray earnestly that it might be deepened and turned in the right direction.

It has driven us to a re-study of our methods of handling the candidates as well as the members of the church. To neglect the Christians for those that are still

outside would lead to confusion, and to give our entire attention to the church and neglect the instruction of those seeking admittance would lead to stagnation and degeneration for the members within the church. The thousands waiting to be baptized and the thousands already baptized must be instructed in their faith, broadened in their vision and outlook, and those seeking baptism must be instructed in the essentials of the Christian Life. Our plan includes, therefore:

1. More intensive training for our teachers.
2. More Bible study groups with the deepening of Christian life.
3. Putting native leaders to the fore, even though often poorly trained.
4. Keeping in closer touch with the teachers and pastors through more frequent visits and circular letters.
5. More instruction in and insistence upon giving on the part of all church members and followers.
6. More consecrated handling of our own shrinking appropriations.
7. Emphasis upon personal work and the cultivation of the missionary spirit.
8. More instruction of candidates and more rigid abiding by the qualifications:
 - a. Personal salvation experience and ability to explain the plan of salvation to another.
 - b. Faithful attendance at church services and school.
(Exception in cases of older people as concerns the latter)
 - c. To be leading or to have led at least one

soul to Christ.

- d. To be able to read. (Exception in the case of older people.)
- e. A regular contributor to the church.
- f. Memorize the catechism and pass examination in same. (Exception in the case of old people)
- g. To have manifested signs of a new life, in habits and in the community.

We can easily understand that it was difficult for the four "bambutas" (deacons or elders) from Lower Congo, when they toured the Moanza Field, to determine of the thousands whom they examined for baptism who should and should not be accepted. To the south Mafioti baptized 826, while to the north Mose Kikwakwa accepted (but did not baptize) 946. Their trip meant much to the entire field. Faces still beam as they speak of them. We are deeply grateful to our two Lower Congo stations for freeing these four men to render this service. We look forward to welcoming another group on some other occasion.

Theo. E. Buteck.

SONA BATA NEWS NOTES

"All roads lead to Sona Bata". It is impossible to even more than note names of our pleasant and enjoyable guests at Sona Bata, time and space forbid, but their presence has made a happy and profitable contribution to our station social life. Some have come because they were sick, some have come without an invitation, some have come to inspect us and some to learn from us.

Their entertainment has been determined by our Staff duties.

Among the Official Visitors we count it a special privilege to be able to include the names of His Honor the Governor-General and Madame Ryckmans who spent nearly three hours with us, during which time they visited the entire station. We like our governor, his charming wife and little daughter.

Dr. Gregoire, Directeur d'Ecole de Médecine at Leopoldville, was especially appointed to inspect the Sona Bata Medical School and report to his Chief. The day spent with Dr. Gregoire was much enjoyed by all, as well as profitable to each. The school equipment was inspected, classes visited, school program and its relation to the State discussed. We learned a lot; we like Dr. Gregoire; he was very helpful.

Dr. Brutsaert, le Médecin provincial, made us an all too short a visit, gave us a once over inspection and left us with good impressions.

Among our missionary visitors were the Austins, Neils, Russells, Dr. Thornbloom, Moons, Mr. MacDiarmid, the Browns from Ntondo (who left with an addition to their family, Donald Brown), Miss Mildred Tice and Ulric Lanoue's little family.

From the Far Lands came a group of splendid men in search of a mason and carpenters for "Smithy" and "Bennie"; they were a fine lot and if Kikongo is developing that kind of men they may well be proud of themselves.

Members of our own Staff have been away from the station on Conference business as follows: Miss Satterberg and Dr. Tuttle to Leopoldville and Dr. King to

Kimpese and Banza Manteke.

The new diet-kitchen is going up at the hospital and bids fair to take care of the long felt need for a place to prepare and serve food to hospital patients. This is being built from private funds.

Christmas was spread over several days. A steamer from home brought boxes before Christams Day, we celebrated Christmas Eve with the children and their tree, on Christmas Day we had a dinner and the week end following another steamer from home brought more Christmas boxes. Christmas was a real one here. At the hospital a new idea was carried out successfully; after the regular Christmas service cakes and tea were served to each hospital patient.

Dr. J. C. King

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

We are so glad to be back in Congo. Were our little girls only with us we would feel as if we had never been away, so quickly has the work of our new station and its problems become a part of us. But they are both well and happy in the Home for Missionaries Children in Granville. How thankful we are for such a fine place in which to leave them.

We want to express to our fellow-workers our appreciation for the many letters of greeting and welcome that have come to us since our return. We wish for each of you all the good things you have wished for us. And now may we remind you that April will soon be here and another CONGO NEWS LETTER due. We would like to have your articles and news items in by at least the middle of March.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. S.E. Moon

SONA BATA

Dr. J. C. King
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

NTONDO

Rev. and Mrs. P.C. Metzger
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Miss Esther Ehnbohm

VANGA

Mrs. Hilda Bain
Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Alice Jorgenson

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